Happy Chance

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

Team sassy science is trying to get Will a date, but Will refuses. They push a bit more and Will rants at them, unaware that the one he's talking about is in earshot.

Will Graham groaned softly, rubbing his temples.

He shouldn't be here… he hadn't slept at all and he had a migraine… he knew his already low filter was probably nonexistent at this point, but here he was… in the lab… listening to people talk about a case that he had already been shoved into by Jack.

Add to that Beverly trying to convince him to go on a blind date.

"Come on, Will!" Bev said, giving him a pouty puppy face that wouldn't work, even if he was in a good mood. "They're super sweet! I think you two would get along really well!"

Will shook his head, "I don't do dating…" he growled, "Been there, done that…"

"Besides," Jimmy said, patting Beverly's shoulder consolingly, "Will has a crush on Doctor Lecter."

Will stared at Jimmy in shock and the older man shrugged slightly, "It isn't that hard to see."

"Wait," Beverly said, eyes wide, "Will swings for that team?"

Will sighed, his hands returning to his temples as he tried not to think about his coworkers knowing about his feelings for the sophisticated doctor.

"You should tell him!" Beverly cried, beaming at Will happily, "You could-"

"Could what?" Will snapped, hitting his limit, "Say "Excuse me, Doctor Lecter? I've had several fantasies about you fucking me senseless, both at your home and at your office, wanna get coffee sometime?" I like him, yeah, but I'm not gonna mess up the friendship I have just to try and get laid, ok? Just leave my love life alone!"

The other three remained silent, stunned by the outburst, as well as the tall figure who had opened the door behind Will to enter just as Will began his tirade and who now silently closed the door and walked away again.

Will was invited for dinner the very next night he showed up in a salmon colored button up that wasn't too dog hair covered, and some black pants that were a bit tighter then he remembered them being… but they were clean so…

He brought a bottle of wine as a host gift, though he didn’t know anything about it, the lady at the store had told him it was a good one for a host gift. It was a bit expensive, but Will hoped it would work. He explained as much to Hannibal when he gave it to him.

Hannibal smiled and nodded, thanking him for the gift before asking which shop he had gone to and what the salesperson's name was.

Will told him, though he was confused about why Hannibal wanted to know… but he quickly forgot about it, Hannibal was wearing a new cologne, it smelled really good on him… but Will tried to keep from obviously smelling his friend.

Dinner was also amazing, Smoked oysters with garlic, chilli and pepper berry vinegar, drunken figs, and chocolate mud pie for dessert.

Hannibal was also generous with the wine, pouring them both a generous glass for the meal and another in the den after.

Will was pleasantly warm at this point and wondering if he would be good to drive home, when he realized that Hannibal was sitting next to him on the couch, closer then he remembered him sitting…

Will brushed it off as his mind being fuzzy and set his drink on a coaster on the side table, "I better slow down or I won't be driving home." He joked weakly.

Hannibal smiled, his hand suddenly very warm on Will's upper thigh, "My dear Will… I don't think you'll be driving home tonight in any case."

Will's mind was slow to understand, by the time it processed those words, Hannibal was already kissing him deeply.

Will moaned softly, almost helplessly as Hannibal dominated the kiss, pressing Will down on the couch and slipping his tongue into Will's mouth and exploring gently.

Will reciprocated as best he could, but he was definitely a bit drunker than he had realized.

Hannibal started unbuttoning Will's shirt, batting away Will's clumsy attempts to help, then kissed along Will's neck and shoulder.

Will shivered, "H-Hannibal-" He gasped out.

"Hush Will," Hannibal murmured against his skin, "relax and just feel, let me devour you…"

Will shivered, trying to keep from moaning as Hannibal moved down, licking and nibbling at Will's nipples gently and smiling at the helpless whimpers from the younger man.

Will moaned, reaching to grip at Hannibal's hair as the man went lower, Hannibal chuckled softly and slid Will's pants and boxers away.

Hannibal smiled at the beautiful sight before him, Will, naked, pale, and hard, ready to be devoured.

Will almost screamed as Hannibal took his cock in his mouth in one smooth motion, engulfing him in wet warmth all the way to the base.

Hannibal held Will's hips down as he bobbed and sucked, his tongue circling the tip as he did.

It didn't take long before Will was a mess, most of his coherent words reduced to moans and whines as he thrashed as much as he could under Hannibal.

When Hannibal felt Will's legs begin to quiver, he pulled back.

Will sobbed softly, reaching to stroke himself as he was *so close!*

Hannibal grabbed his hands in a strong grip before lifting Will in his arms and carrying him into the dining room, he lay Will across the dining table face down.

Will was about to ask what was happening, when a hot, wet tongue swiped across his hole.

Will yelled, his toes curling as he gripped at the table, "Oh God! Hannibal! Fuck!"

"In due time, Will." Hannibal said softly, blowing on the wet skin gently, "I'm going to take my time and enjoy you."

Will didn't know how long he lay across the table as Hannibal ate him out like he was a Sanguinaccio Dolce, but any time Will got close to cumming, Hannibal would slow and let Will come down before he continued.

Finally, Hannibal stood, gathering the almost boneless Will in his arms and taking him upstairs.

Will found himself spread out on deep blue sheets as Hannibal stripped his clothes, folding them and placing them on a chair, and climbing over Will.

"Are you ready, Will?" Hannibal murmured in Will's ear, nipping at it gently and leaving him quivering.

Then, Hannibal pressed in.

Will arched, eyes wide as Hannibal kept going, he was HUGE! Will moaned softly, gripping the sheets as he felt his insides shifting, Hannibal finally stilled, deep inside Will's warm tight hole, he pressed his nose to Will's neck breathing deeply as he licked and nipped.

Will gripped at Hannibal shaking and whimpering as he tried to get used to the stretch and burn.

Hannibal smiled, biting down on Will's shoulder as he pulled back and thrust.

Will screamed, gripping Hannibal's shoulders as his body lit up again.

Hannibal kept going, fucking Will into the bed as he kissed and bit along Will’s neck, shoulders, and chest, he pulled back and smiled at Will, laying dazed and panting beneath him, bites and marks standing out bright against his pale skin and his pupils so blown that the blue was almost completely gone.

"Cum for me, Will. Let me see you fall apart…"

Will’s vision went white as the strongest orgasm he had ever had rushed through him like a tidal wave, when he could form thoughts again, he found himself cleaned and curled against Hannibal's chest as the man's fingers traced up and down along Will’s spine, murmuring soft assurances and love.

Will looked up at Hannibal, eyes wide.

Hannibal smiled at him gently, "Hello, Will… how are you feeling?"

Will sighed softly, "...happy…" he said, realizing how true it was… he was happy, elated, loved…

Hannibal kissed him gently, "I'm glad…"

Will moaned loudly around the silk tie, his fingernails leaving small gouges in the leather of the Chase as Hannibal fucked into him.

"Good boy…" Hannibal growled in Will's ear, "You're taking it so well, aren't you."

Will nodded quickly, trying to push back into the trusts.

Hannibal smiled, biting the back of Will’s neck and reaching out to stroke Will gently.

Will moaned around the tie again, his eyes rolling as he came.

"Good boy…" Hannibal purred as he stroked Will through his orgasm. "When we get home for dinner, I'll be sure to reward you…"

Unseen by either Will or Hannibal, Alana quietly closed the office door again, blushing furiously and hurrying out. She had never thought Hannibal would use *that* kind of therapy for Will… but she wasn't about to ask about it…

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